

Skygac's Column

The Caseys had a banquet in our town on St. Patrick's day. Of course they sang, "The Wearing of the Green". Here are two lines of that song.

"I've heard whisper of a country that lies far beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day."

The rich and the poor do not stand equal in this country. Neither do they stand equal in France, Germany, England, Italy or Japan. There is only one country today where the rich and poor stand equal, i. e., classes abolished and all with an equal liability to labor. Will some bright young member of the K. C. name that country "far beyond the sea?"

A man told me the other day that "we've loaned so much money to Europe that now we've GOT to extend credit and loan more and more and more, 'carry 'em if necessary'". It may be throwing good money after bad but we've got to do it. We don't dare let Europe collapse. "He was just a wage-slave of a big corporation. That 'we've' of his amused me. I have loaned no money to Europe and do not intend to do any carrying. Have you? Why should we 'carry' the counts and no-accounts of Europe?"

Let Europe "collapse". The people of Europe will not collapse. The land of Europe is not expected to collapse. All that COULD collapse would be the rotten monarchies and capitalist-controlled governments. The sooner European capitalism collapses, the better for the peace and happiness of the world. Out of the ruins will rise the Industrial Republic, marking another step towards the ultimate goal, the Federation of the World, The Brotherhood of Man.

The more wage-slaves think about their own worries and problems the more the politicians will worry and think about their problems for them. Never mind the politician's problems. His problem is how to fool you. You can fool him easily. Just look out for your own interest and the interest of your own class.

Your folks one time had a fool hen that would cackle for an hour over a china egg. We called her Minerva. Whenever I read of Palmer trying to get the presidential nomination on the strength of his red raids, I always think of Minerva.

The old-fashioned doctor's advice "never spank a boy on a full stomach—turn him over" is a relic of the "spare the rod and spoil the child" school. We are a long way from civilization yet. There are too many of our own fellows who make much mouthnoise about Democracy down at the corner grocery, who still go home and while hell out of or into the kids, just because they happen to feel a bit grouchy and have the POWER to get away with it.

The local Salvation Army is advertising that they have no tambourines. The war taught them another (and easier) way to get the money.

The Industrial Capitalist is like a man going over a treacherous bog. If he stops going he will sink.

Henrietta's idea of economy, is for Henry to shave himself.

A knowledge of Proletarian economics will take the "con" out of economy.

The only Kings that are popular

DEFENSE

The abduction of comrade Marguerite Prevey by the authorities and her imprisonment in Chicago has resulted in a determined effort of comrades to defend her against further assault at the hands of the violators of law and citizenship.

No less is the interest in the cases of Lotta Burke and Chas. Baker. No comrades in Ohio have found a more secure place in the affections of Ohio radicals and socialists than these three comrades.

Every dollar given for their defenses is a dollar for the defense of loyal and true comrades. We know that when the workers realize the extent of the injustices that are being attempted and have been accomplished against these comrades they will give generously in support of them.

Here are some defense contributions which have been sent in just recently.

Miner's Union, Tiltonville, O.	\$5.00
A. Baker	1.00
J. Tomasina	.50
Frank Stidd	.50
O. Rassin	1.00
W. Metcalf	1.00
Toiler Booster Club, Lorain	5.00
H. Fagel	1.00
C. Kistler	1.00
J. J. Poll	.50
R. H. Ward	1.00
J. Steiter	1.00
R. L. Imat	1.00
G. & A. Storek	5.00
J. D. Reedy	2.00
A. W. Downes	10.00
L. A. Rospert	1.00
Primrose Local 2012 U. M.	
W. A.	10.00
List of J. Bain members of above union	11.50
Total	59.00
These comrades deserve your sup-	

port. You can help very much by subscribing to this fund on the list below.

The Prevey, Burke and Baker Defense.

Enclosed find—for the defense of the comrades named above.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Send all funds to The Toiler.

Cartoon Fund

THE WRONG SIDE IS CLIMBING. The wrong side of our Cartoon Account is climbing up. When this happens there is only one way to remedy the matter and that is to put some silver weights on the other side of the scale. We suggest that when our readers observe the splendid character of our cartoons they jar loose from a quarter or so and place it on the right side of the scale and watch results.

The eye of SKYGAC was fastened upon the donations listed in the Cartoon Account. He noticed the disparity between the "coming in" and the "going out" figures. A frown darkened his usually humorous and more or less sheep-like features, yes, SKYGAC has features almost human. He turned back to first page of The Toiler—a smile as wide as a letter drop opened up his superb and intellectual countenance. He turned again to the Cartoon Account, the frown came back, the letter-drop smile closed up with a snap. He reached for his trusty typewriter and clicked off the following—I have been keeping my eye upon that Cartoon Account and I wonder what makes so many readers come across LYKELL, they do!

We would like to tone down the abrupt and irascible sentence of Skygac but we have learned by experience not to tamper with ANYTHING he writes. We therefore throw ourselves upon the mercy of our readers but we hope they comply with the adroitly worded REQUEST he makes—contribute to the CARTOON ACCOUNT.

P. Q. Z. \$1.00

P. P. Sutter 1.00

M. E. Hauswald, Joliet Ill. 1.00

Strangling American Workers.

(Continued from page 1.)

servoir to Plain City, arriving there about 9:30 P. M. I had no idea where I was going or what was to be done with me, on enquiry from the Police Woman who had charge of me, she said she had been unable to get accommodations for Chicago out of Columbus, so we were going to catch a train at some other city, she lied to me every time I asked a question, so there was no use of further enquiry, so I settled myself and awaited developments, I did not know whether I was to be turned over to a mob, thrown into the river or executed.

"At Plain City the town Constable was awakened and came to look me over, a whispered conversation was held with him by captives on the side walk, guess he did not want me in his bailiwick, so we left, going to Jefferson City, where they did not seem to want me either. We then drove to London Ohio, County seat of Madison County, arriving there a little after 11:30, the poor old Ford just reached the main street where it gave up entirely. A local police officer was called, he awakened the Sheriff, we walked to the county jail. As the Ford could not be moved, I was turned over to the Sheriff at midnight.

"When the Sheriff appeared on the scene, I opened up on my captors, telling the Sheriff I was being kidnapped by those two persons, that my life had been put in jeopardy because of the condition of the car without lights etc., how we went over main line R. R. tracks in several places on high gear with our engine hitting on three cylinders, once we were almost caught by an interurban car, and that I would refuse to leave the custody of said Sheriff, unless I have some assurance that my life would not again be put in jeopardy. I also told the Police Matron that she and her conspirator were both liars, that their word did not mean anything to me, and that I would ask the Sheriff to take me before a Judge in the morning so that I could at least ask for protection.

"The Police Matron tried to square herself with the Sheriff by saying that she was taking me to Illinois, but that no train or accommodations were possible for that day. I told the Sheriff two trains had left Columbus for Chicago since she had taken me in custody at two o'clock that afternoon, and that the stay of execution did not give her the legal right to take me, she lied again by telling the Sheriff that no stay of execution had been granted. I told her that it was just such acts as these they were perpetrating that night that was causing so much hell in the country. The Detective said he agreed with me, and had said so in Columbus, but he was working under instructions from the Prosecutor of Franklin Co.

"After they left, and before I was locked up by the Sheriff, I explained the situation to him, that Judge Kincaid had granted a stay of execution for forty eight hours, at noon that day, the Sheriff said that, if that was the case, the Sheriff of Franklin County could not legally give me up. I asked him to phone the Judge at Columbus, at my expense, before surrendering me to my kidnappers. I further asked that he take me before a Judge in that County and ascertain whether this procedure was regular or not. I called his attention to the fact, that if my body legally belonged to the state of Illinois, why drag me around in this way in the middle of the night? My attorneys could not, and would not try to prevent my being taken away, if I legally belonged to the Illinois authorities. Therefore Sheriff, it is your duty as an officer of the law to see that the laws of Ohio are respected, but my pleadings were all in vain.

"In the morning, I refused to dress, the Police Matron put on my shoes and stockings, and called in the man to do the rest. Of course I refused to have him dress me, and told the Matron if she had no respect for the rules of common decency, that I did, and that the man must immediately leave my cell, that I would dress myself, but that I refused to leave the custody of the Sheriff, that her requisition did not give her the legal right to drag me around the state of Ohio, and this in an old broken down machine endangering my life, as well as depriving me of my right as a citizen. She replied "My requisition gives me the right to shoot you if you do not go wherever I wish." Well Honey, I said, Get Your Gun! and your handcuffs ready for you will need them, you are going to do one of three things, either take me back to Columbus where I legally belong or to Chicago Co. jail, or you will be compelled to do some shooting.

"I was again taken forcibly by the Sheriff of Madison Co. and the Police Matron, put in the same Ford car, taken back to Plain City, where we boarded a train for Chicago. Upon my arrival, I was locked in the Cook Co. jail, eighteen hours before the stay of execution granted by Judge Kincaid had expired. All this mind you, to have me prosecuted, because I am charged with advocating methods of reforming the U. S. government that are claimed to be illegal."

Signed Marguerite Prevey.

The deeply significant feature of the whole spectacular affair is the readiness of the alleged forces of "Law and Order" under Capitalism to break their own laws and destroy their own order whenever it suits their convenience, even while issuing proclamations and advertisements denouncing the "radicals and reds" for "preaching violence, and lawless methods." Marguerite Prevey has, regardless of the final outcome, won a tremendous victory. She, accused of advocating violence, appealed to the courts, against her accusers who posed as defenders of law and order. She declared her willingness to abide the decision of the Ohio courts. But no sooner did the Ohio laws interpose an obstacle to the vindictive attack of her accusers, than the supposed defenders of law plucked off their mask and openly and shamelessly revealed themselves for what the radicals have all along declared them to be—bandits, and buccaners masquerading behind the law, only because it served better their predatory purpose and because the law was shaped to suit them.

Marguerite Prevey, after remaining in jail for over four weeks, testing the sincerity of those who proclaim themselves 100% Americans, and the upholders of "Law and Order" agreed to accept bond in order to prepare her case for a further test, for the end is not yet. If she goes to prison in Illinois she goes with the proud consciousness that she was the means of stripping the cloak of hypocrisy from the traitors, who, under the pretence of Americanism, are seeking to strangle America to death.

Herman O'Neil, Ashland Ky.	90
J. M. Scott, New Lexington, O.	1.00
Previously acknowledged	15.50
L. A. Rospert	1.00
Alex. Wittrick	1.00
J. D. Reedy	.50
Jno J. Poll	.50
P. Hotinski	1.00
M. L. Heller	1.00
Wm. Thorbeck	1.00
E. E. Martin	4.00
Expense	\$21.12
Expense	\$63.45
Receipts	30.00

COMRADES ATTENTION!

Old Postage Stamps or original envelopes or entire stamp collections bought at highest prices, if you have anything to offer, call at the office of The Toiler or phone Harvard 3639.

OPEN FORUM MEETINGS

Margaret Sanger will speak at the open forum meeting at the North Congregational Church 72nd & St. Clair, Cleveland, O., Sunday, April 4th P. M. Subject "Woman and the New Race". The public is invited. Questions and 3 minute talks from the audience after the lecture.

GENOSSEN!

Ich kaufe und zahle die hochsten Preise fuer alte Briefmarken und Briefmarken-Sammlungen. Im Falle Sie etwas zu offerieren haben, kommen oder schreiben Sie zur Redaktion dieser Zeitung, oder rufen Sie Harvard 3639.

The Black Sheep.

Chapt. XXIV.

The Father's Confession.

Gus Anderson realized the fact that his daughter had overheard his telephone conversation with the judge. He felt that he had done more than all other untoward agencies in reading the veil of delusion with which he had tried to screen her from the world. He gladly would have lost one of his best farms if by so doing he could have blotted the memory of that conversation from her mind. But the fact was Olive had heard and what she once heard she did not forget. She was different from the average run of girls of her age. She took life seriously; its problems were her problems. Their solution she considered her business. She was a crusader of no common zeal. She had been taught to worship God. She did so as a matter of form. She felt that she must serve mankind, this to her was religion. She had been shielded from the world, yet she thirsted for reality and spared no effort to fan every spark of fact into a blaze of truth.

She wanted to know the world as it was and not as it is said to be. She wanted to know how deeds affected man for good or ill. She believed that God was a universal father and could not conceive why he should be partial with his children, blessing one with weakness.

Slowly she had linked together a chain of evidence from tiny glimpses of worlds of truth which contradicted the teachings of her parents, the preacher, and the leading ladies of the church. She had begun to realize that she was living in a dream world of strange, mythical unreality. Anderson realized that in his telephone conversation he had given her what he considered strongest evidence of his own perfidy. It had all been well meant. He had always acted for her own good. The trouble was he was wise business but a fool in life.

He locked the door of his office and for a few minutes paced restlessly back and forth, while he spun a web of profanity and obscenity which he hurled at the preacher's head. It was the preacher whom he blamed for his daughters awakening. He fancied that if she had not entered that jail and met that boy she might never have discovered that the world was in reality quite different from the way it had been painted.

Throwing himself in his chair he nervously lit a cigar alternately puffing and chewing it. Then grabbing the telephone called up his wife but before that lady could answer he hung up the receiver and resumed his walk. He was worried, angered, he seethed with conflicting emotions. He did not realize that his child was what she was by virtue of her heredity, that she was a mental high explosive only waiting to be touched off by the fire of circumstance. He was convinced that as his child he could make her what he wanted her to be, and therefore resented the winds of circumstance which blew her toward her own shores. Anderson could only think of one man responsible for this inevitable happening. This was the Rev. Goodman. He called him up on the telephone. When that person answered Gus let loose a volume of vociferation into the receiver which caused the preacher to hang up, there by pouring the irate father's anathemas into the delicate ears of the operator, who immediately informed him of the company rules. This caused him to set down the instrument with a bang, an clashing the arms of the chair he had it out with himself.

A few minutes later he called up the high school and ordered the principal to send his daughter to his office at once.

To this the principal agreed and in another half hour Olive walked into her father's office. She was not excited in the least. What she had heard that morning had not surprised her as much as might be expected. It had the effect of a verification. It was as if a new and austere philosophy was being driven into her head blow upon blow. It had the effect of making her mentally ill, confused is perhaps the better word, but then illness is confusion.

On her way to her father's office she tried to speculate on what it was that he wanted. Perhaps he would scold her for following him. Then again she was quite sure that he would not call her out of school for that. Again she could not conceive of his scolding her, he had never indulged in that pastime. He would rebuke or occasionally with a sharp tongue and a present in his hand. As a father he was indulgent itself. Thus it was that she turned every possibility in her mind until she came to the office.

It is needless to say that Anderson was as much bewildered as the girl. He did not know how to attack the problem before him. He wanted to solve it in a business way, but this was not a business proposition. He hoped that Olive might open the subject and thereby show him a way out. To have been caught by her red handed in the practice of his customary ways was the thing that mortified him. Had the supreme court of the United States convicted him of high treason and exiled him from all he held dear it would have hurt him less than this consciousness that his child knew some of the ruthlessness with which he abused power. He wanted to ask her forgiveness but that would never do. He would have to promise her to conduct his life differently and that would interfere with his business. Within him the father and the business man were at war. Idealism and commercialism can scarcely dwell in the same heart. He wanted to be her idol as she was his. She was his idol by virtue of her honesty, sincerity kindness, and all the virtues that bloomed like flaming flowers in the hearts of human kind. He wanted to be her idol and yet retain the trickiness, the deception, the ruthlessness, the disregard of other's welfare by which he had accumulated the wealth that he legally possessed. This was manifestly impossible. Anderson had within his house the spiritual basis of the class struggle.

No sooner had his daughter entered the office than he asked her if she had heard his conversation with the judge. To which she replied in the affirmative. Then he asked her what she thought of it. And she replied that she had ceased to think. She then surprised her father by telling him that ever since she had been twelve years old she had wondered about the strange contradictions in life. About its inconsistencies, about its universal cruelty. "I wanted to believe that what mamma and Mr. Goodman taught me was the truth yet I could not understand why it was that if it were good and true you took no stock in it. When a mere child I noticed that there were ten women in church to one man. Men do the business of the world; they meet the world as it is. Women are supported by the men and are therefore made what men want them to be. Men keep women as a diversion from business. They want the cares of life. That is why they try to bind them up in such a way that they shall know nothing about business. Men raise women for toys and not for partners. They infranchise the Indian, the negro, and the illiterate. They deny a voice to idiots criminals and women. They do not class their women with criminals but they do their best to keep them idiotic. I have figured it out this way that if women knew the truth about this world's business there would be more honesty and less abuse. What are we taught? Stories, dancing, scripture, entertainment, and now to wear our clothes to the best advantage. We are fixed up as dolls in the show window of society."

Her father sat and looked at her with open mouth. He knew that what she said was true but he had never thought of it as evil. He believed that women and niggers had to keep their place. To him a woman's place was in the home, and in social life. Her sphere was to comfort, love and amuse man and rear his children. For her to aspire to anything different had always appeared to him as a mark of degeneracy but now that his daughter voiced the sentiments it all looked different but he was not convinced that she was right. Anderson had a provincial mind. He had always lived in a small town and in a farm community. He knew nothing of that larger life, that art, culture and civilization through the force of industrial development bring to the woman hood of the race. He had scarcely heard of woman suffrage. He looked upon the English suffragette as monsters of perversity. He gloated over the savage abuse that the English government heaped upon these pioneers in the world of thought. "If a woman takes a man's place she should not object if she gets a man's treatment," he would say. The truth was he was ignorant of the forces at work in society, or he would not have tried to rear his daughter in the way that daughters were reared during the hand tool period of production.

Now he listened for the first time to a feminine brain that really thought; that was more than at odds of her master's voice and he felt a strange emotion of mingled pride and resentment. He listened to her while she told him that she understood why he tried to hide the facts of life from her. That she did not blame him for doing what nearly all fathers did. That it was not he but the customs of the people that were at fault. She told him that he could not expect to give her a high school education and hide from her the facts of life as they are.

To all this Gus Anderson answered that he knew that he had been a fierce proposition but that she should not forget that this is a dog eat dog world and that therefore he was no worse than other men. "Sink or swim, survive or perish," it all depends upon how you go about things." He then added that all that he had ever done had done for her, that all he had ever made, he had made for her, that it would be all hers when he came to die. And to this the girl replied that she wished that he had never made anything if by that sacrifice the methods of making could be altered. She told him that she did not like to think that the frozen tears of men, women and little children were smothering her path in life. That what had been acquired through inquiry could never bring anything but ultimate sorrow. "Injustice leads to inequality and inequality destroys the equilibrium of the world. When equilibrium is destroyed in anything it falls. This is true of man and it is true of nations. Inequality destroys the good in human kind. It makes men brutes, cowards, and slaves. Even you Daddy are afraid of that poor boy now held in jail."

"Sure I'm afraid of him. Not for myself. I can deal with him alright but for you. I don't want him to meet you. He's got you locked," he asserted.

"There you go," she replied. "Don't you see that you have no faith in my ability to take care of myself. Rather than have me strengthened by a storm of truth that will stouten every fiber of my being you prefer to keep me in a hot house of silly fairy tales and lies. That boy can't hurt me. You seem to have the silly notion that a woman cannot be interested in a man without being in love with him. I'm not interested in him but in the principle of justice. You have all admitted that he is innocent of any wrong; that these men are arrested for their money's sake. Such conduct is a disgrace to our community. It is a disgrace to you and me. I am working to free ourselves from disgrace."

Gus Anderson leaned far back in his chair and laughed. "I see you're next to some of it kid, but you go about it like a fool woman. You'll make your papa a lot of cheap notoriety and get yourself talked about and all that sort of thing. Perhaps you had better go to Valley City to the Normal and finish your education there. I know you'll get yourself in (Continued on page 4.)